

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a
good kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceive, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my daughter, yet he
knew me not at first, a said I was a fish-monger, a is far gone; and
truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very neare
this: Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord:

Ham. Slanders sir: for the Satyricall Rogue saies here, that old
men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes
purging thicke Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a
plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which
sir though I most powerfully and potently beleeve, yet I hold it
not honestie to have it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall grow
old, as I am, if like a crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will
you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant sometimes
his replies are? a happines that often madnes hits on, which rea-
son and sanctitie could not so happily be delivered of. I will leave
him and my daughter. My Lord I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more
willingly part withall, except my life except my life, except my
life.

Enter Guildenstjerne and Rosencraus.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ref.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ref. God save your sir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ref. My most deare Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how dost thou G
Ah *Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

Ref. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy in that we are not ever happy on foot
We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ref. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her wast, or in the mid

Guyl. Faith her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true,
pet. What newes?

Ref. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomef-day neere: but your
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you

Ref. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thank
you, and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare
were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is
tion? come, come, deale justly with me, come, come

Guyl. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to'th purpose, you were sent
is a kind of confession in your looks, which your m
not craft enough to colour: I know the good King
have sent for you.

Ref. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me con-
rights of our fellowships, by the consonancy of our
obligation of our ever preserved love, and by what
better proposer can charge you withall, bee even a
me whether you were sent for or no.

Ref. What say you?

Ham. Nay r'en I have an eie of you, if you love me

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation
discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen